MARIE DORO BUSY IN 'FRIQUET'

A CIRCUS GIRL WHO BECAME A SOCIETY LADY.

She Cusses the Ringmaster, Turns Somersaults in Evening Gown, and Fights Three Rounds With the Gardener —Kills the Villain and Herself.

Last night at the Savoy Miss Marie Doro made what was in spirit, but not in the big letters of the programme, her stellar début. Pierre Berton, who with "Gyp" wrote her vehicle, "Friquet," was also part author of "Zaza," and the two plays are at least half brothers—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say half sister and half brother. For *Friquet* is as virginal and ingenuous as *Zaza* was otherwise.

Both, however, are public performers of the humbler order, both fall in love with base, wicked men above their station, and both in the end return to their first occupation—*Zaza* to hang out the red lamp and *Friquet* to kill herself for unrequited love.

It is said that "Friquet" was written for one Mme. Pollière. If so, that lady must be an acrobat of extraordinary activity, as well as an actress. In stepping into her shoes Miss Doro found a strenuous life cut out for her. In the first act, in the circus dressing room, she braved the terrors of the leading equestrienne, defied the manager, scorning even the taste of his lash, and capped this horrid climax at the curtain by extending five fingers at him from her pretty nose. As a result of all this she was adopted by a family of French nobility.

In the second act she (off stage) tamed a runaway horse that defied the liveried groom, turned a somersault in a newly adapted evening gown, and at the curtain fought round after round with the burly groom whose jealousy she had aroused. That was a fistic combat of proportions! Miss Doro feinted and countered in the most approved manner, and at the curtain sent him sprawling on the stage with one in his solar plexus, amid the roars of the populace.

In the first act everybody had called *Friquet* clever, in the second pretty, and in the third they all offered marriage, including two noblemen each with 1,000 francs a year. *Friquet* sat in a trapeze.

In the fourth and last act she only killed the villain with a juggler's knife and then precipitated herself from the peak of the circus tent (again off stage) amid the horrified shrieks of the audience. "It's all over now!" said W. J. Ferguson, who was one of the clowns. It was.

It has probably leaked out by this time that "Friquet" can hardly be called a legitimate play. It is in fact a bravura piece of a rather cheap order—a succession of absurdities that even the highest and most varied talents, whether of actorine or of acrobat, could not give the semblance of verisimilitude—and that is a thing very far from real truth.

No one was better aware of this fact, no doubt, than the authors. They performed their job of tailor-making a play with a good deal of the customary Parisian skill. Much was lost, to be sure, in the translation, which turned sentiment and drama (whenever it broke out in spots) into melodrama. The language in its lighter moments was a grotesque mixture of slang from England, France and the Bowery. Eh, what! La-La! Sure!

That such a part as this *Friquet* should be given to as young and inexperienced an actress as Miss Doro—only lately hoisted from the musical stage—is one of the never ceasing wonders of Broadway. She looked pretty and worked hard—even intelligently, as it seemed. A friendly audience applauded her.

Some day, no doubt, she will be able to do all the things she tried in vain last night.

In the supporting company there was much talent. But as the play is a mere star vehicle the talent was wasted. William Courtleigh, Frederick Perry, W. J. Ferguson, George Henry Trader, Dorothy Donnelly, Alison Skipworth and others walked on and off discreetly.

THE KALTENBORN QUARTET.

It Retains the Salient Qualities of Its Former Performances.

The Kaltenborn Quartet gave its second concert of the current season last night in Mendelssohn Hall. Its programme consisted of the D minor trio of Arensky for piano, violin and 'cello, Dvorak's G major quartet and Saint-Saëns's piano quintet in A minor. The pianist of the concert was Carrie Hirschmann.

None of the music performed had lacked previous hearings, but the Arensky trio was the least familiar of the three numbers. It will probably retain its place in the chamber music field for some little time because of its pleasant melodies and the transparent simplicity of its style. It is a naive and bland little composition, which will never trouble the placid waters of Philistinism or cause the heathen to rage.

It would be wholly in place in a parlor with pink paper shades on the lamps and dishes of cake and candy to refresh the hearers between the movements. As an exposition of the rugged spirit of Russia it is a lamentable evasion. The D major quartet of Dvorak is matter of a different sort.

Here cheerfulness and amiability are coupled with musical fecundity and a scholarly method of disposing in captivating array musical ideas which are worth the trouble.

However, the character of the music performed at a Kaltenborn Quartet concert starks naught, for the industrious members of the organization compel public attention to rivet itself upon them and their extraordinary doings.

Long and arduously have they labored in the field of chamber music, and they labor still. Whatever their hands find to do they do with their might, and it is a very mighty might. The strained strings shiver under the rude assaults of the bow, and under the pressure of fingers pressed down seemingly at random they wail and squeak in misery.

The prime business of a quartet is to play in tune. This the Kaltenborn Quartet resolutely does not. Higher graces of performance cannot be found when the fundamental requirement is not met. Miss Hirschmann discharged her duties with fluency and discretion. She, at any rate, could not play out of tune, for the piano was honest.

FRITZI SCHEFF IN TWIN ROLE.

Giroflé-Girofla Sets Old Timers Humming Lecocq's Catchy Tunes.

Fritzi Scheff took the title rôle in "Giroflé-Girofla at the Broadway Theatre last night and, judging from the number of curtain calls she got, she had the audience with her. It is a dozen years since New York theatregoers have heard Lecocq's pretty opera, and many old timers had almost forgotten the plot and music. However, they seemed more than pleased with the revival and as the orchestra played one could hear persons humming the old, familiar tunes all over the house.

Mr. Latham, manager for Mr. Dillingham, said he hadn't the least doubt that New York was glad to get real music and follow a tangible plot after so much that wasn't either.

Campbell Donald, as *Bolero*, father of the twins; Wallace Brownlow as *Mourzouk*, and Richie Ling as *Marasquin* shared honors of the evening with Fritzi Scheff.

Manager Reed Thrice Bankrupt.

John Allen Reed, theatrical manager of 1402 Broadway, filed a petition in bankruptcy yesterday for the third time, his liabilities being $10,769; assets, none. The debts were contracted from 1901 to 1903, for salaries, printing, costumes, &c., for two road companies, "One of the Bravest" and "Her Ladyship." Among the creditors are Charles McCarthy, $1,500; James Allen, $175; Allen Davenport, $186, and the Carey Printing Company, $1,860.

METCALFE IS JOHN DOEING 'EM

CRIMINAL CHARGE AGAINST THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

Subpœnas Out for Daniel Frohman, Erlanger, Klaw, and Others—Charge Is Conspiracy to Prevent the Critic From Earning His Lawful Living.

James S. Metcalfe of *Life* has made a criminal charge of conspiracy against several members of the Theatrical Managers' Association for barring him from the forty-seven theatres the members of the association control. Broadway was streaked with subpœna servers last night, looking for several members of the managers' association who are wanted at the District Attorney's office to-day. It is said that seven subpœnas were issued.

Mr. Metcalfe went to the District Attorney's office yesterday afternoon with his conspiracy charge and it was decided to institute John Doe proceedings to-day. Mr. Metcalfe saw Deputy Assistant Attorney Krotel and made a formal complaint. He alleges that the association has conspired to prevent him from "exercising a lawful calling," in violation of Section 168 of the Penal Code. Mr. Metcalfe declares that denying him admission to theatres takes away from him his means of earning a living as a critic.

Mr. Metcalfe's charge is based on the resolution passed by the Theatrical Managers' Association, by which it was agreed to keep him out of the theatres controlled by the members of the association. He also mentions the fact that he was forcibly restrained from entering the Lyceum Theatre after he had bought tickets. The Lyceum is managed by Daniel Frohman, president of the managers' association.

Mr. Metcalfe has been stopped at other theatres, but he got into Wallack's and the Metropolitan Opera House without being stopped. It was said last night that he would be represented in the criminal proceedings by a former Assistant District Attorney.

Although Mr. Metcalfe was not stopped at Wallack's Theatre, which is managed by Charles Burnham, vice-president of the managers' association, a subpœna was served on Mr. Burnham last night. Manager Braden of the Garden Theatre, Henry W. Savage's representative, was also served. At the offices of Klaw & Erlanger it was said that no one there had been served, but it is known that subpœnas were issued for Marc Klaw and Abe Erlanger. Daniel Frohman, president of the Lyceum Theatre, got a subpœna. They were all commanded to be at the District Attorney's office at 10:30 o'clock this morning.

LAST MONTH OF OPERA.

"Ballo in Maschera" to Be Given—Edyth Walker to Sing Brunnhilde.

The last month of grand opera at the Metropolitan will bring several novelties, three of which are set down for next week. The deferred performance of "Un Ballo in Maschera" will take place on Monday night, when Mme. Eames will sing *Amalia* for the first time. MM. Caruso, Plançon, Scotti and Journet and Mmes. Homer and Alten are also in the cast. Mr. Saleza and Mmes. Fremstad and Ackté will journey to Philadelphia on Tuesday to sing "Carmen."

On Wednesday "Les Huguenots" will be sung by Mmes. Sembrich, Nordica and Walker and MM. Caruso, Plançon, Scotti and Journet.

On Thursday "Die Walkuere" will be sung in the afternoon, Edyth Walker appearing as *Brünnhilde* for the first time. Mmes. Eames and Homer and MM. Burgstaller, Van Rooy and Blass will be in the cast. On Friday "Lucia di Lammermoor" will be sung by Mmes. Sembrich and MM. Caruso, Parvis and Journet. Andreas Dippel will make his first appearance as *Tristan* at the Saturday matinee with Mmes. Nordica and Walker and MM. Van Rooy and Blass. In the evening "Romeo et Juliette" will be sung by Mmes. Ackté and Jacoby and MM. Saleza, Journet and Plançon.

It is settled that Olive Fremstad will sing *Kundry* at the matinée of "Parsifal" to be given on Washington's Birthday, while Aloys Burgstaller will sing *Parsifal*. Anton Von Rooy and Robert Blass will have their accustomed rôles.

Signor Caruso's cold is so much better that it is confidently expected he will be able to appear as *Radames* to-night.

Poice Raid Brooklyn Poolroom.

Alfred Smith, 33 years old, of 69 Union street, Brooklyn, was arrested by Capt. Bernard Gallagher of the Adams street station, yesterday afternoon, on a charge of running a poolroom at 295 Atlantic avenue. The captain and his detectives made a raid on the place and seized a telephone, racing sheets and charts and a number of registered bets. There were over a score of men in the place at the time, but all of them escaped through a rear exit.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

There has been much discussion as to whether the essay as a present day form of expression is not going into disuse. Despite much data that may be brought forward concerning the tremendous sway gained by fiction over the attention of the reading public, it is interesting to note that Margaret Deland, who is one of the foremost story writers of the day, withdrew from the field of fiction long enough to produce the widely read collection of essays, "The Common Way," and E. S. Martin's delightful and popular essays on "The Luxury of Children and Some Other Luxuries" have had a sale that is attained by only a small proportion of novels—a sale, moreover, that is continuous. Arrangements are already being made for an Italian edition of the book. Even in the much to be regretted rush of modern life when a writer has something to say and knows how to say it people have time and inclination to read it, no matter what literary form is chosen as the vehicle of its presentation. There is a general feeling that anybody can write an essay just as anybody can play the piano, but there is as much difference between the exquisitely finished literary style of the old time essay and its modern copy as between a child's stumbling exercises and Joseffy's "singing on ivory" or Paderewsky's marvellous arpeggios.

The rumor is gaining credence that Mark Twain's "Hadleyburg" was not wholly a creation of the author's fancy, but that Oberlin, Ohio, was the town in his mind when he wrote his story of "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg." It is said that Twain once visited Oberlin and took a violent dislike to the place because its goodness was too good, and it was too proud of it. On leaving the town Twain vowed that he would never enter it again. He emphasized his disapproval by saying: "If I could not go from New York to Chicago without passing through Oberlin I would go around the other way." Twain's story of a town's moral downfall was written many years ago and now the Chadwick exposures and the crash in Oberlin have come. As one correspondent has said, "Oberlin would have been the last in which to have looked for a sensation such as has come upon it. When reading Twain's keen bit of satire we laughed. It was so far from any possible realization that it was a real joke. But, alas! fiction has become fact. Oberlin has been corrupted. More than fancy could have pictured has been realized. Shall Mark Twain be numbered among the prophets?

Mrs. Clay of Alabama, whose memoirs of American social and political life were published during the last season under the title of "A Belle of the Fifties," tells this story of Gen. Lee: When Mrs. Clay saw Lee for the last time in Washington, after the surrender, the Confederate leader said to her: "Tell your dear husband when you see him that I have thought more of him than of myself." Mrs. Clay's husband, the Hon. Clement C. Clay of Alabama, was imprisoned with Jefferson Davis at Fort Monroe for nearly a year. He was one of Mr. Davis's advisers and also a member of the Senate from his own State. It is an interesting coincidence that Mrs. Clay's memoirs and Gen. Lee's letters should have been published almost simultaneously by the same publisher.

Dillon Wallace, the companion of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., who died of starvation a little over a year ago on an exploring expedition in the interior of Labrador, has written the story of the tragedy from his own journal and will publish it under the alliterative title of "The Lure of the Labrador Wild." In this story of tragic destiny, lured on by false hopes and erroneous information from unsuspected danger to danger until the fatal end, the remarkable thing is the manifest devotion of the two sufferers for each other through all their hardships.

The *Academy* is enthusiastic in praise of the recently published "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones." Although literary portraiture, according to this authority, is rarely well done by women, and a man's biography when written by his widow is usually of small value, in this instance the book is an exception, partly because there were no shadows to Burne-Jones's brilliant character that a wife might seek to hide, and partly because the honest candor of the writer conveys the impression that if there were she would not make the attempt. Of criticism there is little or none, but the facts of the artist's life are set forth with ample detail—his conversations and his letters, his travels and his sojournings, his efforts, disappointments and triumphs. The most illuminating revelation of the painter's character is contained in the quotation of his own words uttered in a moment of exasperation: "It takes an artist fifty years to learn to do anything, and fifty to learn what not to do, and fifty to sift and find what he simply desires to do, and 300 years to do it—and when it is done neither heaven nor earth much needs nor heeds it. Well, I'll peg away. I can do nothing else and wouldn't if I could."

Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose serial in *Harper's Magazine*, "The Marriage of William Aste," is being illustrated by Albert Sterner, has found a satisfactory portrait painter for herself in the illustrator of her novel. The portrait is done in chalk of three colors—black, white and red, and although Mrs. Ward has been considered a difficult subject by painters, her friends unite in saying that the American illustrator has made her look like herself—and that self a genius. The figure is posed with dignity and grace and the face is drawn with artistic sympathy to make the most of the best features—the intellectual forehead and the resolute tender eyes. The gown is of white lace and over it is worn a black boa, while about the gray hair there is a fringe of delicate lace. Mrs. Ward has purchased the portrait for her own house.

The siege of Port Arthur has been supposed to rank in importance with other important conflicts recorded by history. The current number of *Harper's Weekly* makes some interesting comparisons bearing on this point. Gen. Stoessel surrendered between 20,000 and 30,000 men, of whom, however, less than 5,000 were fit for duty. Therefore, as regards the number of men taken, the siege of Port Arthur will rank in military history with that of Vicksburg and that of Ulm, but incomparably below that of Metz, when the number of men given up by Bazaine exceeded 173,000—by far the largest body of men that ever surrendered.

The adventures of Washington B. Vanderlip in "In Search of a Siberian Klondike" narrated by Homer B. Hulbert, have attracted the attention of eminent mining engineers to the man who made the perilous trip told of in the book, and as a direct result Mr. Vanderlip has been called on to undertake several metal hunting expeditions. Mr. George Kennan says of the book that though it is filled with minute circumstantial details, every one of them is something that he distinctly remembers just as the author describes it, that evidently northeastern Siberia has not changed an iota in thirty years and that Mr. Vanderlip's book is a faithful and trustworthy description of the country and its people.

"Beyond Chance of Change" is the title finally decided upon for the new book by Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer, which will be published next month. Mrs. Shafer will be pleasantly remembered as the author of "The Day Before Yesterday," the faithful chronicle of village life in the Middle West in the late '60s.

The new book by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell which is scheduled for publication by the Century Company in March is a story of Northern people in the South during the Reconstruction period, thus adding another to the long list of stories written with this very tumultuous time as a basis.

The title of Owen Johnson's new novel, "In the Name of Liberty," was suggested by Mme. Roland's words, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" It is a "story of the Terror"—the Revolution forming a setting for a tale of the love of two children of the people.

One of the interesting things to be brought out by McClure, Phillips & Co. is Charles Wagner's new book "My Appeal to America." Mr. Wagner made a great number of friends for himself and his cause during his lecture tour here and his appeal is a plea to Americans to help him spread the doctrine of "The Simple Life," not only in this country but also in France, where he preached it first to the laborers and then to the people of fashion after the people of fashion found out that Mr. Wagner had a modish following in America. A number of leading men, such as Dr. Albert Shaw, John Wanamaker, George Foster Peabody and Levi P. Morton, have become interested in Mr. Wagner's work and in his endeavor to have a church of his own in Paris. They have formed a committee, of which Mr. Peabody is chairman, which will receive subscriptions toward a $100,000 fund to purchase a building site. France will furnish the building. McClure, Phillips & Co. are contributing the proceeds from the sale of the book and Dr. Lyman Abbott has written a delightful introduction to the book.

Evidently the prophets are not without honor in their own country and among their own people across the border, for the two "best sellers" in Canada during the late holiday season were Ralph Connor's "The Prospector," with a record of 18,000 within a month of publication, and Norman Duncan's first book, "Doctor Luke of Labrador."

Among recent valuable finds in the Old World is that of a fresco representing the origin of Rome, recently discovered in Pompeii. The picture was brought to light under the director of the excavations at Pompeii, Prof. Ettore Pais, who has prepared a popular account of this interesting painting for the February *Century*. A reproduction in color of the fresco is a notable feature of the current number.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press concerning the following inscription, which it is said was written by Mark Twain for the tombstone of his wife:

> Warm summer sun,
> Shine kindly here.
> Warm southern wind,
> Blow softly here.
> Green sod above,
> Lie light, lie light.
> Good night, dear heart.
> Good night, good night.

The lines are not written by Mr. Clemens himself, but are favorite ones with him, and when he had them engraved on his daughter's, not his wife's, tombstone, he enclosed them in quotation marks. Who the writer is he does not know, but he says they seem touching and beautiful to him and expressed what he felt better than any words of his own could do.

The current number of *Harper's Bazar* gives as the three deadly symptoms of old age, Selfishness, Stagnation, Intolerance, and the three antidotes for these fatal symptoms, which sometimes occur on the sunny side of 30 and sometimes never manifest themselves at 70, are Sympathy, Progress, Tolerance. Some one else has said that you can tell the generation a man belongs to by his attitude toward motor cars. But probably the most indisputable evidence of advancing years is the tendency older people have to talk about growing old, a tendency oddly enough peculiarly marked in America. One never hears a fluffy young thing of twenty confiding to a girl of lesser years about "being older than she was five years ago." And one rarely hears a hearty Englishman of sixty who can ride to hounds and take care of his after dinner bottle of port talking about "growing old." What the *Bazar* calls "the wickedness of growing old" seems to be a national curse in the land where the eagle screeches and the foolishness of talking about it amounts to a malady as infectious as a plague. It is more prevalent than appendicitis or pneumonia and men succumb to it more readily than women.

The popularity of Stewart Edward White's first successful novel, "The Blazed Trail," seems to increase with years and is attested by the fact that it has recently gone to press for the nineteenth time.